WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

What She Hears and Sees.

Our summer joys we cannot praise Save faintly, it would seem. On hottest days we find maught but Cold comfort in ice-cream.

I really don't know whether to be "hoped up" about men this season, or married. I don't know whether they're becoming effeminate, or merely more puzzles to me. I've recognized in a dim sort of a way that they're human; but show can one have any sort of an understanding of beings who admire derby hats? How can one imagine what the that a shiny black silk hat adds to his beauty? I've always imagined that the real reason at the basis of the custom of a man's taking his hat off when he meets a woman is a sort of subconscious realization on his part that he doesn't look quite human to a woman with his hat on. It is an attempt on his part to put away something which she can neither understand nor admire, a some thing which, in fact, has for ages kept men and women from understanding each other. Until this season a man's straw hat has been as strange a thing to women as his winter hat coverings. It was stiff and heavy, the merest mockery of a straw hat; worn not because it was cool and comfortable, but, like all the rest of man's dress, because other men and Mr. Grundy wore it.

But, look you: this season, men are wearing things that women recognize as hats at first glance. I know ten men who go about in leghorn hats. In other years, half a century of them at least, only women have worn leghorns. There is something profoundly significant in the fact that men have branched out in this way. It may be the morning of a new era, of which the masculine shirt waist heralded the dawn. Colored ribbons appear on many of these leghorn hats, and man may wear his crown creased o dented, and his brim turned up at any angle he chooses. He is no longer bound to look precisely like every other man in his hat. By another year he may ever be pinning a bunch of flowers to it. What anity has always lacked is a real band of sympathy between the sexes, a common interest, a mutual understanding. It is a lack which the leghorn sup plies. Hats are one subject on which mer and women can hereafter think alike and once they meet on common ground who can tell what the outcome will be? The leghorn hat is the most important thing that has happened since I can remember. No man can be a puzzle to a woman when he wears a leghorn

There is, by the way, one less hat it town than there was a fortnight ago, and the departed hat was a leghorn. It belonged to a woman who lives on the second floor of a tall apartment house and while she knows what became of her belongings, she doesn't guess who is responsible for its loss.

'I did it," says the woman who lives on the fifth floor, "and if she weren't a friend of mine I'd have moral courage enough to tell her. As it is, I don't dore. You can't tell what she'd do. Last time I saw her I was going out the front oor with a big traveling bag in my hand. I told her I was going over to Baltimore, and so I was. I was going to get an old clock from an aunt of mine over there, and I was going to bring it home in my big bag. On the way to the station I changed my mind and decided went to market. I bought some plants in pots and put them in my bag, thinking I'd fix up a lovely window-box for mythe back yard, both of them wrecks. I jerked the rest of the pots out, and then I went and listened down the dumb waiter. Whenever anything happens in an apartment house that's the thing to do. You can hear people telling the janitor about it. I heard the second floor

'I wish you'd go up and tell those people above me to stop throwing flower pots on my hats.'
"'What people?" asked the janitor.

"I don't know, 'she snorted. It's some-body who has flowers—the same ones that dropped a rubber plant on my aqua-rium last week. You've got to find out who they are and make them pay for my hat. I won't stand it.'

"I can picture the janitor getting ready to search the house, and I didn't answer when my dumb waiter whistle blew. I heard everybody on that shaft deny own-

if you don't believe it," the top oor woman called down.
Then I chimed in.

'You can search my flat, too;' and I Tou can search my flat, too; and I jammed the geraniums into my bag and hid it under my bed. After dark I went out and dumped those flowers into a vacant lot. The second floor woman said she'd have the guilty person arrested, and I know she would if she could; she's a violative. I want down a night or so vindictive. I went down a night o two afterward and stuck an envelop with money in it under her door. That'll pay for the hat, but it won't pay for my feelings. I've got to go around know-

ing I'm a criminal till I die." There's a small boy in a street in the edge of town who has been a source of much annoyance to motorists. No sensible chauffeur wants to run over a boy in a frequented street, and that boy knows it. Baiting automobiles has been his pastime. He stands in the middle of the roadway and does not heed the warning horn. You've got to turn out suddenly to avoid that boy, and then you hear his yell of derision. The only reason why he hasn't been killed long ago is that people seldom have their wishes granted. He has been cursed and glared at, but he only hoots and goes on being a nuisance. Last Tuesday he danced madly in front of a runabout driven by a not very expert woman. She turned out so suddenly that her machine went wabbling for a sickening second, and the boy laughed. It was too much for the woman. She sprang out of the runabout and grabbed the little form. for the spanking she gave him was worth

the hand of the Lord directs everything in the universe. Even the wind blows where it is listed."

One of the things she had been telling was about, a nephew of hers who has been learning what a soldier's life is at a militia camp somewhere in New York. His name, I gathered, is George; and it seemed to her providential that was starchless because she wanted it so, or because I preferred linearies than sane. Frankly, men have always been York. His name, I gathered, is George; he should have been away from home at that particular time, because the plastering fell in his room, and if he'd been at home and in bed at four o'clock in hats? How can one imagine what the world looks like to a creature who thinks the afternoon he'd certainly have been use of cut-paper patterns isn't a bad world looks like to a creature who thinks the afternoon he'd certainly have been use of cut-paper patterns isn't a bad injured. As it was, life in camp wasn't thing for the feminine mind. Your cut without some dangers.

She was the woman my first cook worked for before she came to me. I never saw her, but I know what she wore, and what she said, and how she had things done. When I first went to housekeeping I wanted sweeping done on Wednesday. Cook told me Mrs. Biggs always had the house sweep to me Saturday, and Mrs. Biggs' reasons for the procedure were beyond question good. We had the table set a la Biggs, and the table linen folded in the Biggs way. There was starch in my blouses because

Intellectual training. But yesterday I met as woman my first cook worked for before she came to me. I never saw as woman who has always impressed me as woman who has always impressed me as possessing quite the average amount of brain. She was in a tremendous hurry. "It's so awfully annoying," she said. "It's so awfully annoying," she said. "There I was at home, expecting to put in the day making myself a gingham skirt. I cut it all out, and then I found skirt. I cut it all out, and then I found the manner. I'd lost the pattern for the ruffles—it's going to have three ruffles—and down I had to come to buy another pattern," "What kind of ruffles?" I asked, wondering why one needed a pattern for a ruffle.

There was starch in my blouses because the came to me. I never saw woman my first cook worked for before she came to me. I never saw woman who has always impressed me as woman who has a table linen folded in the Biggs way. There was starch in my blouses because Mrs. Biggs preferred it should be there, and the sofa pillows were set on their corners because Mrs. Biggs liked them so. Protest? What good did it do to off bias ruffles, you know."

defining way one needed a pattern for a noticed it, but in the bunch of Presidents from start to finish we've had only four one-syllable Presidents—Grant, Hayes, it would please plenty of Democrats if they'd been that, I could have torn them off. They're bias ruffles, and, of course, I had to have a pattern. You can't tear off bias ruffles, you know."

WOLLD PLEASE DEMOCRATS.

"But it never does," I returned promptly. Sooner or later it is bound to turn one-syllable Presidents—Grant, Hayes, it would please plenty of Democrats if Bryan were as much opposed to a first term as he declares himself to be to a second and third term.

"Then Taft has as good a show as Gray,' I said.

"Then Taft has as good a show as off it is noted does," I returned promptly. Sooner or later it is bound to turn one-syllable Presidents—Grant, Hayes, it would please plenty of Democrats if Gray,' I said.

"Then Taft has as good a show as Gray,' I said.

"Then Taft has as good and third term," "Then Taft has as good and third term." "And it usually ends in a divorce,"

'Certainly, ma'am, if you likes it "Certainly, ma'am, if you likes it that way, but I done for Miz Biggs four years, and she always"—and that settled it. Mrs. Biggs bossed us. We didn't like her—for who loves his tyrant?—but we feared her, and we hadn't conceit enough to fancy we knew better than she did. We knew we didn't. She ruled us for these recovered to the present and event convected, person three years, and a most competent person our Four One-syllable Ones-We she was. Then cook got married and we Never Had a Joseph, but There had several successors in the course of

had several successors in the course of years. Yesterday I met a very charming woman at the house of a friend.

"Tve heard so much of you I feel as if I knew you, 'she said. 'My cook used to work for you. She's always telling me how you had things done, and I've tried, I've really tried to live up to you, but I'm woefully afraid I don't succeed.'

Her blouse had no starch in it, and the several successors in the course of the several successors.

Have Been Five James.

"Ever down in Anne Arundel County, inquired a returned traveler of his chum. "Clever yeomanry down that way, but a bit odd until you get well acquainted," says a writer in the New York.

I am not at all sure that the widespread without some dangers.

"His mother worried a lot because the weather was so bad, and George takes cold so easily," said his aunt. "He wrote that he'd been out on guard duty all night in the rain, but of course, his rubber pontoon kept him from getting wet."

paper pattern leaves nothing at all for your imagination to exercise itself on. You cut "exactly by the pattern," and if you don't forget to mark the places where the large single perforations tuck over to the large single perforations on the row of small double perforations on the sixth gore from the panel front on wet."

Every other move he made was accombance by a question or remark. He asked was his son, J. Q. Tyler was the last J was he had, and some was his son, J. Q. Tyler was the last J was his the sixth gore from the panel front on the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' and my competitor, as he jumped my thing more or less resembling Ladies' Nineteen Gore Skirt, No. 5,356. It's geometrical, the process, and impersonal as any other mathematical thing. That's any other mathematical thing. That's something more or less resembling Ladies' Nineteen Gore Skirt, No. 5,356. It's geometrical, the process, and impersonal as any other mathematical thing. That's any other mathematical thing. That's something more or less resembling Ladies' Nineteen Gore Skirt, No. 5,356. It's geometrical, the process, and impersonal as any other mathematical thing. That's help the sixth gore from the panel front on the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' I reckon,' he said, as he bit off a big said my competitor, as he jumped my checker. 'He ain't got no middle name to ward the king row, that you know that most of the Presidents we've had had no middle names.'

The beginning the form the panel front on the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' I reckon,' he said, as he bit off a big said my competitor, as he jumped my checker. 'He ain't got no middle name to ward the king row, 'that you know that most of the Presidents we've had had no middle names.'

The beginning the form the panel front on the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' in the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' in the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' in the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' in the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' in the left side, you can't help making something the left side, you can't help making something the process.

protest? Mrs. Biggs was an excellent housekeeper, and set in her ways. Cook

New Way Discovered of Figuring Out Candidates' Chances.

Never Had a Joseph, but There

"While I was waiting in one of the vilages for a conveyance to take me into so, or because I preferred lingerie things lages for a conveyance to take me interest unstarched. I was her Mrs. Biggs, you the interior the old storekeeper bantered ne for a game of checkers. I hadn't played it in forty years, but I played to A eccommodate the old man. "I soon found that he didn't care so

much about checkers as about politics. paper pattern leaves nothing at all for Every other move he made was accom-

Williams in the White House. One dled after he had been President only a month and the other was assassinated. But I'm

not superstitious, are you?'
"'Knox is a one-syllable man,' I said,

to draw out my friend. "'Yes. But Philander as a front nam to a President would be as odd as Zachary. And you know what happened to him. And if he should get it somebody'd call him Phil. That wouldn't do.'

"'We've never had a Joseph,' I said, in order to give Mr. Cannon a show in the

'That's right. Did you move? Neither did we ever have a Charles. Charles is not a good one to conjure with. Please crown my man. Besides, he added, Mr. Curtis."

And then, that then, that the matriage of convenience turns out to be about the most inconvenient thing that could poscown my man. Besides, he added, Mr. Curtis." there's never been a President, except one, who got in from the Vice Presidency after the death of the President, whose name began with F.'

"By this time I had concluded that my

Anne Arundel friend had a box of goods Anne Arundel friend had a box of goods that would be interesting, and I asked him what given name had been most frequent in the Presidential line. Instantly he replied, 'James. There were five Jameses, beginning with Madison.'

Kitty lifted her fingers between us and regarded her glistening rings in the moon light. I fanciea I caught the glint of a smile in her eyes, but her lips were very Jameses, beginning with Madison.'

"'And how about the others?'
"'John comes next. There were three,
the first being Adams. And the second

Jackson and Johnson, no given names

"BEST BRAND" OF LOVE

CONFESSIONS OF A DEBUTANTE.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

ingers thoughtfully in the water as the to mother, or a fight over the children. canoe sped downstream, "if I marry him

grumbling, giving the paddie a vicious is as uncomfortable and cheap," I added, lunge, "especially everything nice, like "and wears out as quickly as ready-made youth and love and patience and fun and clothing." -dinner."

Kitty lifted her fingers between us and dosen't seem to be much worse than any

'I wish," she complained gently, "that it dosen't get into the newspapers." you would take it seriously.

"I don't think my competitor at the board meant to be funny. He beat me twice your age, with a coronet on his the accounts of people who have married is conscience?

"Mama says I will 'learn' to love him," protested Kitty cheerfully.

"Naturally," I retorted. "That's the orand they always offer in such cases."

"The what, Mr. Curtis?" borough and the Countess of Castellane tried-and found so unpalatable."
"It sounds," remarked Kitty, reflec

tively, "as if it ought to 'keep well.' "

THE STATE OF THE STATE OF THE

ADVERTISE YOUR Wants In the BUGLE Bon't Want Anything Brings Results



ANY PERSON HEAR ING OF ANY NEWS KINDLY BRING THEM IN TO US & Oblige

THE . BINGVILLE . BUGLE !!

ls the Leading Paper of the County



they'd look, and before I had time to get the effect one geranium fell off. I peeked out, and my goodness, that woman on the second floor had put a hat on her window ledge to whether the days about the advisability as to whether or not the folks of Bingville and surrounding adjacent terrottory to the town had been the lound seen had been to whether the lound seen had been to whether the lound seen had been to whether the lound seen had been the lound seen had been to whether the lound seen had been had been the lound seen had be ing adjacent terrottory to the town should or not keep summer boarders this summer and we believed we voiced.

The roads are still muddy in places. brings into our midst they are a nui- has his spirit broke and same and expect more in return for the same and expect more in return for the ever he is that timid and shy.

\$3 or \$4 they spend for bed & board We say the citty folks and

per week than the \$3 or \$4 amounts to. Bingville for Bingvillians. But in spite of the pertinent editorial which we have wrote on this subjeckt we observe that Cy Hoskins who is one of our most respeckted and at the same time one of our most griping and graspof the father and mother, a son who is a chance to lissen to a real genius. about 18 years old a daughter who is about 16 years old and a dog the like of gion. The dog looks more like a floornop than anything we can think of. This amily has now been at Cy's a week and n that time they have made theirselves o obnoxious to our citizens that there

s considerable feeling against them. The father is the most decent citi zen of the lot. He mingles freely with ur townsmen and converses with them about crops, et cettery, but as for the lar game with our young folks. rest of them including the dog, they are who wears a white flannel suit and a ed necktie and white shoes and a stray at with a red and white band around it and smokes cigarettes and spends his evenings in Hen Weathersby's store listening to the conversashion and gig-gling to hisself. What he is laughing at we have no idee. One day last week while this young chap and his sister was out driving through town they met Deacon Tucker in his buckboard. - The Deacon was asleep at the time and his old roan mare was just barely moving along in the middle of the road which was narrow at the point where they passed. The young chap hollered and woke up the Deacon and called him a turn out immeijit, but he got outen his buggy and asked him what he meant by calling him a old Rube and the feller said that a old Rube meant 'a estimable citizen of Bingville. Then the Deacon

things is simply ridiculous. She almost went crazy when she seen a litter of little pigs in Cy's barnyard and called them "cunnin'" and took pickshures of them with a picture box she brung along with her. She also tried to take a pickhure of Miss Amelia Tucker, our leading society queen, on the street but Amelia fooled her by turning around and walking the other direckshion. As far as Amelia is concerned when she

her for it. As for the dog he is laid up her aunt at Sorrow Hollow last week. miles west of Bingville last Saturday. no matter whose fault it is. Then if they recovering from a drubbing he got from Roomer says that Miss Phrenicla is go-Wes Woodruff's hound dog. This ing to be married before the end of this and has went up the spout as you might p of a dog hadn't been in Binghound and the hound got him down and most shuk the daylights outen him and probably would of been shaking him yet

Society News

Miss Sally Hoskins our poet writer will ing and stingy citizens has took five give a exhibition of her talent in the summer boarders from the citty for a Town Hall next Saturday ev'g. by readperiod of two weeks who are now in ing some of her own pomes which she our midst and have almost became a has dashed off in the past as you might menace to the neighborhood. They consist of a whole entire family consisting great society event. It ain't often we get

Miss Amelia Tucker, Bingville's raining society queen, has sent out invites to a which we never before saw in this re- tarry pull which will be give in her home on Fri. ev'g, of next week. This will be the last taffy pull of the season and will per pint. It's pretty unfortunate when a so long that it almost annoys him. wind up the glddy social whirl of the season, as you might say, with one final round of gayety and pleashure. Amelia has arranged a programme of several games to be played, including "Copenhagen," which has always been a popu-

Mrs. Eph Higgins wife of our popular a failure and don't seem to mix very well with Bingville folks. The son for instance is a over-dressed young man was a great success from the brillyunt funckshion standpoint being as them in vited was very select. Mrs. Higgins only invited the elect of Bingville, so t speak, and them as wasn't included are turrible put out about it.

Easy Money for Seth

Seth Dewberry, our heroic town constable, earnt \$2 last week by a resting a party from somewhere name unknown.

Snoze in His Face

she uttered not a word. He may give other automobile people heart failure hereafter, but when he sees a runabout driven by a woman I'm perfectly sure he'll run.

The woman at the next table had a most commendable faith, even if her grasp of the language wasn't quite firm.

"It seemed providential," I heard her ty, "And it shows how true it is that it would please him a good control of summer boarders and has do do con "Spot" which wont wear off in a hurry. Jabe wandered out to the cow barn last S'. day movaling and was standle all him a old Rube more than they do. The young daughter of the family is a nice enough looking girl if she would only go a little better dressed—she wars a red wool sweater and what she calls termis shoes and don't wear no hat and the fuss she makes over some

for a foundashien for a barn which he what a day may bring forth. proposes to build some time before fall. Have you got your garden seeds plant-Ab begin to draw stone for this barn ed as yet? You ought to of had them have got divorces for several people in my time foundashion five years ago and has been planted more than a month ago, but if and they have always give satisfackshion working at it off and on ever since. Last not see Hen Weathersby, prop. of our gets dressed up the other girl from the citty can't hold a candle to her.

year while handling some of these stones general store, who carries a full line of the got a crick in his back which kept seeds. (adv.) The mother of the family is proud and him in bed for several days. This sumhaughty and don't seem to care anymer he has Clem Hines to help him. Feels like as if fish might bite if they had a chance. Muskeeters are also bitthing for our wimmen folks. In fact Clem does the heavy lifting and Ab does lng.

> Sam Henderson filed his saw last week have blamed near been in the hands of and had a turrible time of it. First place the sheriff a couple of times during our he cut his thumb and then he went at it proprietorship of the Bugle and are liable again and worked until he broke his file. to be there again unless some of our

SCRIBBLER.

SORROW HOLLOW.

harness at present. Last week Josh driv Doc Livermore desires us to state that to the Co. seat in his one borse spring he will buy a few old bottles from those wagon and returning home after dark who have old bottles for sale at the rate he got stuck in a bog hole and in pull- of 2 cts. per doz. Heretofore Doc has And I don't care who knows it. Deeds wrote ong out his horse busted the harness all never paid more than 1 ct. per doz. for out while you walt and all peeding anything in the law old bottles. He wants them to put horse ing out his horse busted the harness all never paid more than 1 ct. per doz. for out pulling horse in this neighborhood. He & human medicine into. If you have any says if the harness hadn't busted that old bottles for sale see Doc. (Adv.) loss would have pulled the bog hole itself (N. B.-Please give me credit on acct. lean out by the roots.

buy milk from somebody else.

after every trip acrost the field and in patches.

This way be managed to get through it we have not had no fire alarms in our that field never seemed so long to him.

as much on the sick list as she was at with a pail of horse radish which he was Samantha bundled up and took a walk pint. This seems a purty steep pri out in the garden to see if some flower horse radish but that which Alonzo had who run a ottomobeel through Eingville too blamed fast. Seth ketched him in front of the store where he stopped to see if Hen Weathershy had an area of the store where he stopped to see if Hen Weathershy had an area of the store where he stopped to see if Hen Weathershy had an area of the store where he stopped to see if Hen Weathershy had an area of the store where he stopped to see if Hen Weathershy had an area of the store where he stopped to see if Hen Weathershy had a st see if Hen Weathersby had any gasoline (Hen hadn't) and it was then that Seth placed him under a rest and took him belook to bed and had hot bricks but to took a very seed in the same and went right hurried into the house and went right beak to bed and had hot bricks but to took a very seed and had hot bricks but to took a very seed and had hot bricks but to took a very seed and had hot bricks but to took a very seed and had hot bricks but to took a very seed and her bricks but to took a very seed and her bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below to took a very seed and below the bricks but to took a very seed and below to took a (Hen haun t) and it was then that Seth placed him under a rest and took him before Ame Hillyer. J. of the P. who fined back to bed and had hot bricks put to took a walk into the woods by herself old Rube and asked him why the thundershion he didn't turn out and give up half the road. The Deacon didn't turn out and give up half the road. The Deacon didn't turn out and give again he would double the fine. The would have it she suffered no serious respectively.

Bull Pup for Trade

cool by tomorrow. No person can tell

self, as editor and Prop. of the Bugle

is hub deep the fences have been laid down and 'eams are driving around

cider under a old oak tree to one end of crows stealing his corn this spring and is

at last, but he says them forn rows in midst for a spell back for which we are devoutly thankful, and yet at the same time it would be just as well to have a small fire once in a while so as to keep our brave firemen in the Bingville . re Dep't in pracktice as you might say.

list but we are glad to state that she is not dropped into our midst one day last we'k this time 'est week. On last Saturday selling from house to house at 5 etg. per

can think of at this writing.

me. If you do you will never regret it. I make the price right and within reach of all. I

she ain't called on any of them as yet the heavy looking on.

Several persons attended the publick sometimes it's the wife's fault and and there is considerable feeling against

Miss Phronicia Hunt Sundayed with auckshion at Lige Cooper's place two make no difference to me—I can get a divorce

MARRY THEM Again FOR HALF PRICE

This is cheaper than you can get married by

I ALSO SETTLE UP ESTATES THAT NEED SETTLING

In Fackt I Canduct a General Law Business

Amos Hillyer Lawyer, J. of the P., Insurance Ag't., and many others too numerous to mention.

Appel Barls for Sall

I have a lot of barls on hand which I don't know what to do with and as they would make awful good barls to put appels into when you pick your appels next fall I

NOW OFFER THEM FOR SAIL

To the Highest Bidder

SOME OF THEM is Oil Barls and some of hem is Flower Barls and some of them is linegar Barls. If you are going to put away some appels for winter use what better can you do than buy rourself some of these barls to put them away

You Know As Well As I Do That

Appels Wont Keep UNLESS THEY ARE BARLD

That's why I speak to you about this at this time so you can buy these barls now thus taking them off my hands and also take time by the fellock as you might say.

inspeckt these barls

time whether you buy any or not, but if you don't have no noshion of buying any YOU NEEDN'T TO COME AROUND.

If you desire appels next not YOURS FOR BARLS.

Hen Weathersby

Prop. Bingville Gen'l Store.

"Of course," said Kitty, trailing her sighed Kitty, "or a scandal, or a return "And then," I finished, "the 'marriage

"Everything usually does end," I agreed sibly have happened. Ready-made love

"Still," urged Kitty obstinately, "it

"No," declared Kitty with a cynical "What?" I inquired obstinately. "The little laugh. "They don't even put it in canoe, or the moonlight, or the fact that novels-because it's so stupid and unmother is going to marry you to a man interesting. But the papers are full of note paper and a wart on his nose and for love and discovered later that even nold on his character and a growth on the canned variety would have been better than the half-baked article."

"Half-baked!" I exclaimed, stopping with my paddle in midair,

"Yes," returned Kitty calmly, "the kind that is generally cooked in the flames of a grand passion and leads to "The ready-made brand of love," I ex- so many elopements with chorus girls "The ready-made brand of love," I explained, "which mothers cut and dry and
do up in air-tight packages for their
daughters when they marry them off to
broken-down castles or tainted money

number of the kind that is so alluring and sugary
on top, but so heavy and indigestible
inside that it always ends in sentimental
nausea before the honeymoon has waned. bags. It's the kind the Duchess of Marl- Ready-made love may be, like ready-prepared breakfast foods, a little dry and tasteless, but at least it isn't much trouble, and it dosen't leave you with

a pain in the heart."
"And I suppose," I agreed cynically, "that there are plenty of women who really prefer it, just as they prefer eating in restaurants to doing their own cooking and living in hotels to keeping house, and being naves to beinging up their and hiring nurses to bringing up their own children. Anything worth having in this world is lots of trouble, whether it's a window garden, or a good complexion, or fame, or babies, or the best brand of

"What kind of love, Mr. Curtis?" in

quired 'Kitty, regarding me politely through her rings.
"The real kind," I replied promptly, "the old-fashioned, home-made kind, the only kind that ever lasts or keeps its flavor and its sweetness and its strength; the kind that stimulates and sustains and satisfies and delights, the kind that cannot be bought or sold or even found in the matrimonial market." "Hear, hear!" cried Kitty sarcastically.

"The kind that mother used to make!"
"Yes," I retorted. "Before there were
roughly and automobiles and modern appliances for cooking. The kind that is ot prepared to order nor burnt out over a quick fire, but begins when two people and the world are young and simmers gently over a slow flame until—"

gently over a slow flame until—
"It is quite done," put in Klity.
"Yes," I agreed, "and is well seasoned."
"And not too highly spiced."
"Nor soggy, nor heavy, nor adulterited," I finished. "It's the kind, Kitty," went on seriously, "that begins in child-ood and expands in friendship, and rises n respect and admiration and is perfected in matrimony. It's the kind that never grows stale, and that, like wine and all other good things, improves with

Kitty made a little moue with her lips. "It sounds," she said disapprovingly, like an old-fashioned remedy."

"It is," I declared, "a remedy for all

'And fearfully commonplace," she add-"And yet," I sighed, "it's the rarest thing in the world. The recipe has been lost and nowadays people can only make

"Well," I said, laying aside my paddle and slipping down at Kitty's feet, "I should take one lifetime acquaintance—

like ours-and add a quantity of admira-"Like 'ours'?" inquired Kitty, looking up slyly.
"Like mine," I corrected, "and perfect

confidence—like yours—and a summer fiirtation, like—like everybody's." "And a canoe to give it flavor," sug-

"And some moonlight to sweeten it," I added. "And a little jealousy-for spice "And a managing mama to produce the

oper tang. And a wedding and bridesmaids and "Not at all!" I broke in indignantly.
"That would be "icing" it. I don't want my love 'iced' with conventionality and ald shoes and rice and white ribbons.

That's how most people spoil it."
"But you've got to give, it a 'finish,'"
argued Kitty. argued Kitty.

"A runaway marriage makes the ideal sauce." I declared triumphantly, as I caught Kitty's hands in my own and pulled her down until I could look straight into her eyes.

"Oh," cried Kitty weakly, "where are we drifting?"

re drifting?"
"Straight into love," I answered boldly,
"We'll be upset!" protested Kitty as the
ance swayed dangerously.

mee swayed dangerously.

"Of course," I retorted, quickly. "Everydy will be upset. Your mother will be set and the man with the coronet will upset and—all the little packages of ady-made love will be upset."

"Pooh" said Kitty with a little laugh,

roon: said Kitty with a little laugh, I never intended to marry—a coronet." I heaved a sigh of relief.
"Kitty," I said, holding her hands firm, "there is a time to let love simmer and there is a time to take it-before it grows Kitty glanced at me with apprehension for a moment and then let her hands rest

uietly in mine.
"The trouble," I went on rapidly, "with o many of us is that we either take it up oo quickly and when it is only half done so many of us is time we either take it ap
too quickly and when it is only half done
or else we foolishly wait until all the
savor has gone out of it and it has simmered down to nothing. Then suddenly
we discover that it is on the wane, and
we snatch it up and try to warm it over;
but warmed over love is as tasteless as
warmed-over tea. There is a psychological moment in love, just as there is in
cooking, and the secret of true happiness
is in knowing when it arrives. Don't you
know—don't you know? Sweetheart—"
"Can you tell." interrupted Kitty, silpping one hand out of mine and putting it
to her throat, "by the choky feeling?"
"Yes," I answered eagerly, clasping my
arms about her, "and by the way it goes
to your head and sends little shivers up
and down your spine and makes you hot

d down your spine and makes you hot d cold and—" "Then." cried Kitty, looking at me in usternation, "we should have-taken it long ago."
"To think," she exclaimed, with her

theek against mine a few moments later, 'that I might have been lured into taking some thing 'just as good'!" "Just as good!" I exclaimed, indignant-

ready-made or anything in the world but the very best brand!" After the Oklahoma Primaries

"Yes," said Kitty, "or half-baked or

From the Oklahoma Post.

We fail to see where any solace is de-rived from the lines, "It's better to have P. S.—I am also headquarters for a full line of dry goods, groceries, noshlous and gen'l merchandise. If I don't have what you want you can't get it in Bingville being as I am the only store.

true-so for her. Be that as it may Miss we sympathize with him because we out Phronicia is a nice girl.

Josh Slade is engaged in repairing his tarough the fields,

which has been dry a turrible long time the work. Jabe is also going to have hi their milk from a neighbor at so much shingled since last fall and it is getting

Samantha Deevers Out

Country Correspondence Personal & Local Items Get Yourself a Divorce It's warm today, but it may blow up

everybody's teeth on edge in the com- The roads are still muddy in places. There are several bad bog holes between These are all for the present. We hope here and the Co. seat that ought to be looked after by the road commisshion ers. In some places where these holes

Doc.) Mrs. Alvira Johnson's cow had a calf Jabe Tucker is getting ready to shinlast week. This was welcome news to gle his roof next week and has employed the Johnsons, who have only one cow Lem Brown, our expert carpenter to do and during that period they had to buy hair shingled. He has not had his hair

person's cow is dry and they have to Simon Watkins purchased 2 bu. of see corn from Cy Hoskins last week paying Seth Peters give his corn a hocing last Cy. 31. per bu. for same being as it is week all by hisself. It took him three a fancy variety of corn and grows awful days to go through it. Sech had a jug of big ears. Sime has had bad luck with the the rows where would he stop in the shade a little late in planting some of his

Samantha Deevers is still on the sick Alonzo Skillings of Calamity Corner

Wanted Two Pigs